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Oh sing again that simple song.

Words (by permission) from "London Society."

G. M. GARRETT, MUS. D.

London: NOVELLO, EWER and Co., 1, Berners Street (W.), and 35, Poultry (E.C.).

With much expression.

TREBLE.

ALTO.

TENOR
(8ve. lower.)

BASS.

ACCOMP.
for
Practice
only.

1. Oh! sing a - gain that sim - ple song We us'd to love so long a - go, . . . 'Ere
2. Tho' Fortune frown, and friends look cold, And low - lier hopes and aims are ours, . . . And

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1. Oh! sing a - gain that sim - ple song We us'd to love so and long a - go, 'Ere
2. Tho' Fortune frown, and friends look cold, And low - lier hopes and aims are ours, And

cres.

For - tune's spite, the cold world's wrong, Had taught us all that now we know, . . . Had
vi - sions bright as those of old, No more may cheer our lone - ly hours, . . . No

cres.

For - tune's spite, the cold world's wrong, Had taught us all that now we know, . . . Had
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taught us all that now we know; Ay, breathe once more that touch-ing strain, Ay,
more may cheer our lone-ly hours: Yet, let us drive dull care a - way, Yet,

taught us all that now we know; Ay, breathe once more that
more may cheer our lone-ly hours: Yet, let us drive dull

taught us all that now we know: Ay, breathe, breathe once more that touch-ing
more may cheer our lone-ly hours: . Yet, let us, let us drive dull care a -

taught us all that now we know; breathe . . . once more . . . that
more may cheer our lone-ly hours: let . . . us drive . . . dull

breathe once more that touching strain, So sweet, so sweet to spi-rits tempest tost, For
let us drive dull care a - way, Un - heed - ing, un-heeding fortune's sharpest slings, To

touch - - ing strain, So sweet to spi-rits tempest tost, For
care a - way, Un - heed - - ing fortune's sharpest slings, To

strain, Ay, breathe once more that touching strain, So sweet to spi-rits tempest tost, For
- way, Yet, let us drive dull care a - way, Un-heeding fortune's sharpest slings, To

touch - - ing strain, . . . So sweet to spi-rits tempest tost, For
care . . . a - way, . . . Un - heed - - ing fortune's sharpest slings, To

still to me its sad re - frain Seems sweet - est when it pains me most, Seems
day, to - day, at least, be gay, What - e'er, what-e'er to - mor - row brings, What -

still to me its sad re - frain Seems sweet - est when it pains me most, Seems
day, to - day, at least, be gay, What - e'er, what-e'er to - mor - row brings, What -

still to me its sad re - frain Seems sweet - est when it pains me most, Seems
day, to - day, at least, be gay, What - e'er, what-e'er to - mor - row brings, What -

still to me its sad re - frain Seems sweet - - - est, Seems
day, to - day, at least, be gay, What - e'er, what - - -

sweet - est when it pains . . . me most, Seems sweet - est when it pains me most.
- e'er, what-e'er to - mor - - - row brings, What - e'er, what-e'er to - mor-row brings.

. sweet - est, seems sweet-est when it pains me most, Seems sweet - est when it pains me most.
- e'er, what - e'er . . . to-mor-row brings, What - e'er, what-e'er to-morrow brings.

sweet - est when it pains me most, Seems sweet - est when it pains me most.
- e'er, . . what - e'er to - mor - row brings, What - e'er, what-e'er to - morrow brings.

sweet - est, sweetest when it pains me most, Seems sweet - est when it pains me most.
e'er, what - e'er . . . to-mor-row brings, What - e'er, what-e'er to - morrow brings.

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